

# Compositions

Property of *Margaret Griffin*

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## The Duel.

1. The gingham dog and the Calico Cat.

Side by side on the table sat;

'Twas half past twelve and (what do you think)

Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch Clock and the Chinese plate

Appeared to know as sure as fate there was  
going to be a terrible spat.

(I was ~~at~~ there; I simply state what was told  
to me by the Chinese plate.

2. The gingham dog went "paw-wow-wow!"

And the Calico Cat replied "mew-ow!"

The air was littered and hour or so,

With bits of gingham and Calico,

While the old Dutch Clock in the chimney place-up  
With its hands before its face for it always dreaded  
a family row!



(now mind! I'm only telling you what the old Dutch Clock declares is true!)

3. The Chinese plate looked very blue, and wailed, "Oh dear! What shall we do! But the gingham dog and calico cat mellowed this way and tumbled that, employing every tooth and claw in the awfulest rage you ever saw and Oh! how the gingham and calico flew! (don't fancy I exaggerate - I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

4. Next morning, when the two had sat they found no trace of dog or cat! And some folks think until this day that burglars stole that pair away! But the truth about the cat and pup is this they ate each other up!

Now what do you really think of that?

(The old Dutch clock it told me so)

and that is how I came to know.)  
Eugene Field. Author.



## A sketch of the life of Eugene Field.

Eugene Field the poet and journalist, lived at Buena Park near Chicago. His home was there the last twelve years of his life while he wrote for a paper called Chicago news. He stayed in his study every day till one O'clock preparing his work. His study of his was in his own house, and fitted up according to his own taste. It was papered bright red. Any color so long as it is red is the color that suits me best." Then there were collections of dolls; big dolls, foreign dolls, quaint dolls, and mechanical dolls. These were the things that pleased the children and these were the ones he cared mostly to please. He had five children he might truly be called the children's poet.



His writings are bright yet it often covered  
many of the deepest truths of life. He atten-  
ded school at Knox College, Illinois and  
at Columbia, Missouri. When Eugene was  
seven years old his mother died leaving  
him and his brother Roswell.

They were sent to live with a cousin Miss Mary  
French in Massachusetts. As a boy  
Eugene was fun loving and full of pranks  
but he was kind hearted. He accidentally  
stepped on a chicken one day and killed it  
picking it up tenderly he carried it home, and  
afterwards his cousin found him crying over it.  
He died November, 4, 1895 in Chicago as much  
mourned by those who knew him through  
his writings as those who knew him  
personally



## Day Break.

1. A wind came up out of the sea,  
and said, "O mists make room for me."
2. It hailed the ships, and cried, "sail on,  
ye mariners the night is gone..."
3. And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake it is the day."
4. It said unto the forest, "Shout hoang  
All your leafy banners out."
5. It touched the wood-birds folded wing,  
and said, "O bird awake and sing."
6. And o'er the farms, "O Chanticleer, your  
clarion blow; the day is near..."



7. It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down and hail the coming morn."

8. It shouted to the bellry tower "Awake,  
O bell! proclaim the hour."

9. It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
and said, "Not yet in quiet lie."

### Good Name.

Good name in man or woman dear, my lad,  
is the immediate fuel of their soul. Who steals  
my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine 'tis his and has been slave to  
thousands. But he who filches from me my  
good name robs me of that which not  
enriches him and makes me poor indeed.

all



## School days.

1. Still sits the school house by the road  
A ragged beggar sunning.

Around it still the sumacs grow  
And blackberry vines are running.

2. Within the masters desk is seen  
deeps scarred by raps official.

The warping floor, the battered seats  
And tack knives carved initial.

3. The charcoal preserves on its walls

Its worn door sill betraying

The feet that tramping slow to school  
Went storming out to playing.

over.











